

## VOICE Staff

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## From the Editor's Desk

### Paths for the Ernest Student

Fellow students, faculty members of the administration, we are now officially into another academic year at Fayetteville State University. I'd first like to take this opportunity to welcome all of our new students, both freshmen and transfer students and to say that the learning experience here will not merely be one of academics, though this is of foremost importance on the agenda. Some of the learning experiences some of us will be apt to face will be adjusting to new surroundings, new faces and learning to do without Mama's home cooked meals until vacation leave. Of course, I am well aware that many of you are from right here in Fayetteville, but I'll bet there are still a few things you will be surprised to learn about FSU.

Have any of you off campus students had an opportunity to check out the FSU surroundings? If you have, I guess that makes you one up on me. I do know that we have additional buildings this year to accommodate the rapid increase in student enrollment. While all of my courses for this semester are given over in the Taylor Science Annex Building, I have had a rush tour of the Butler Learning Center (no sooner had I set foot inside than it was time for my next class). There's no doubt about it, though, the Butler Learning Center is an exceptionally beautiful building and has become a vital part of campus activities. The scenery around this learning center is majestic in itself and gives one the feeling of stepping into a paradise.

Last year projects were initiated to beautify the campus and they have paid off well. The sidewalks were repaved and the area across from the administration building was paved with sidewalks branching off to all sections of the campus. Flowers and shrubbery were planted at different locations and the university took on a look of sophistication. Now that we are back, and see all of these changes it is up to us to maintain this healthy environment. Throwing bottles and wrappers all over is no way of expressing appreciation for decent surroundings. I believe that there is no way a person can complain about unsanitary conditions when that person is an advocate of the situation himself. Last year I had talks with several people about the upgrading of our campus—among them Dean J.C. Jones, Dean of Students at Fayetteville State University. Dean Jones was very concerned with the appearance of our campus and informed me of a campus beautification project that he wanted to put into effect. During that particular time the sidewalks were already being repaved and some of our campus "artists" took it upon themselves to write and draw on the wet cement. I cannot stress enough the need for people to act in a mature manner. It is the only way that we will ever be given any type of respect as human beings.

Moving on to another important topic—this is an election year and I hope that everyone take advantage of this fact. Being able to vote is a right that should not be taken for granted. Far too many of our ancestors have struggled for this right to become a reality for all of the citizens of this country. If you feel you cannot relate to things of the past, that they are far removed from your present day life style remember this: the right to vote (and know that it has some merit) like freedom of speech is one characteristic of a democracy. In this age many rights and privileges seem to be rapidly becoming a novelty and the only way in which they can be assured to remain intact is to exercise them. Registering to vote should be your first positive step and the second involves taking serious interest in the issues at hand and deciding, based upon this information, who is best qualified to meet most of the needs, then, for heaven sakes . . . vote! The American people have become very skeptical of politicians due to the past activities of some, but not all politicians. It will be a test of both strength and honesty to those who set about restoring that trust.

This year not only marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of this nation, our bicentennial, it is also significant in that we can proudly celebrate one hundred years of academic service at Fayetteville State University. This university received its official beginning in the year nineteen hundred and seventy-seven, approximately one hundred years ago. We begin our celebration of the centennial this 1976-77 academic year. Since the beginning of the establishment of this institution we have grown to marked heights with increased: enrollment each year, in the size of the campus itself, in the number of courses offered leading to degrees in a variety of fields, and the university seeks enrollment of not only the black student, but students of every race. Fayetteville State University is unique in that it is one of the few institutions in this state to celebrate one hundred years of service—and it certainly is a coincidence and an honor as well that this one hundred year celebration coincides with the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of our nation.

Sheryl Alexander  
Editor-in-Chief

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

This letter is being written to express my deepest gratitude and thanks to the smooth way registration was handled this semester. I would like to thank the individual who finally came up with one of Fayetteville State University's better ideas. I am presently a junior and

have been through some of those registrations where nerves are bent, tempers rose, and causes in general prevailed. But now we can almost say with pride that FSU can come up with bigger and better things. But there are still things that need change. Perhaps the first thing to come to mind is the

## Registration—To Hassle Or Not To Hassle

(MAN WHAT A QUESTION)

A long line of FSU students stand impatiently to get into the women's gym, what are they waiting for, what could it all mean; is it an Earth, Wind and Fire Concert, a personal appearance by Richard Pryor, a fight in the pool; no, it's registration—slower than molasses in the wintertime, more exhausting than Coach Robinson's football training, able to make you mad with a couple of words—"Section 03 is closed".

Yes, registration has once more hit us, like a cement brick in the head, and boy are we happy (happy that we only register twice a year). So we're now ready to pursue another interesting year at FSU.

Some have remarked that registration was an unorganized process. What a terrible thing to say! What's unorganized about going from building to building, line to line, dropping this, adding this, having so and so sign this and what you call him sign that. Sounds o.k. to some students, like the ones that run track or enjoy a change of scenery.

Everyone knows the first step of registering is to get your packets. This year it was a problem of just getting in. A small line, extending from the door of the women's gym to the middle of the Taylor Science parking lot held some students back.

You may think waiting in line for 45 minutes or more is irritating. Why, that is far from true. We love it, where else can you stand and enjoy the sun, surrounded by so many others. Now let's not mention the soup lines of the fifties, inventory at state prison, or basic training at Fort Bragg. Besides, we like the sun, most of us need the sun—like we need a suntan.

Once in the women's gym and the packets were picked up, classes must be checked by the advisors. If by any chance you are able to find yours the next step is simple. Getting into the men's gym. Now, there are several ways to accomplish this. You can wait in line like honest sincere people, or you can skip line like the smarter people. Another option is to sign up for football or basketball and go in when the other players do, in front of everyone else.

Now that you are in the men's gym, the process is the very sign of togetherness. You haven't seen so many people that close since the night the lights went out in Chicago.

One of the biggest thrills you can get is to watch the campus cops talking on their walkie talkies, and that's a big ten-four. Some may wonder what is the purpose of the walkie talkies—how else will they find out when car number 052 is going to lunch.

The people at the financial aid table are not enough to serve the amount of students needing their service. Even though the people serving you are few, they make sure their work is top quality. I think that is why they take so long. To make sure they don't fall

bookstore but even in time I believe it, too, will come through with some type of system to speed up an otherwise dull and trying process.

Ellen Kendricks  
An appreciative,  
but concerned student



POOR HABITS can be broken. (FSU Photo by Roosevelt Forte)

asleep on the job they keep moving from place to place, drinking their coffee and taking lunch breaks. Why should they get bored?

After hours of socializing, one finally gets through the money lines. If you have waited and gotten through so far, you can understand what patience my man Job had.

This year someone came up with the fantastic idea of taking yearbook pictures during registration. I must admit this was an excellent opportunity to catch people in a natural look. After all this time, the afro has shrunk, the make up has smeared, the clothes are wrinkled and dirty, how natural can you look? Natural like waking up in the morning, after sleeping in your clothes, with a hangover, from last week, before final exams.

So, now you are ready for your class cards, and everything is everything. There you are, with a copy of your tentative class schedule. You really learn what heart-break is when you hear the words, "that class is closed". It is not really as upsetting as it sounds. I mean, just because you had planned

classes from eight to twelve and now you have them from eight to ten with one from six to nine p.m., that's nothing. Look at all the free time you have.

Your classes are finally organized only one more card to get, you'll take anything no matter what the time, as long as you can hurry up and get out of there. A person can take but so many thrills in a day. So you find out the instructor with one of your class cards has decided to leave a little early. That's no big deal, you decide to leave also. . . until you find out you cannot get your cards stamped unless you have all your class cards.

The cards have been stamped. The last step is to get your I.D. picture taken, better known as the mug shot. I have seen some polite people in my life, that at least give you time to sit in the chair and fill out the cards. The people related to the I.D. picture processing are not on that list.

Wow! Finally out the door and gone. Is it really all over? Hey, you've only just begun.

Jean Jones  
Associate Editor

## Dr. Sithole Speaks At FSU

by Sheryl Alexander

On Thursday, September 2, 1976 at 7:30 p.m. in the multi-purpose room of Fayetteville State University's Rudolph Jones Student Center a large audience listened intently and laughed in uproars at a speaker on the platform before them. The speaker for the night was Dr. Elkin M. Sithole, a native of Newcastle, South African who presently resides in Chicago, Illinois. Dr. Sithole, a South African of the Zulu tribe began his speech by admitting that zulus are usually very tall but that he proved an exception to the rule.

He got down to business by relaying the history of South Africa and reported that apartheid, separation of the races, has been a way of life there since 1652 when the first whites arrived. He stated that apartheid arose due to fear of blacks by whites. He made it quite clear that at the beginning blacks had no fear of the white man.

In his two and a half hour speech Dr. Sithole was informative as well as he was

entertaining. The room would fill with anger and disbelief at one moment and laughter in the next as Dr. Sithole explained the segregation laws which still exist in South Africa, and how South Africa blacks abided by, protested against and mocked at the laws and the white man.

He hummed various tunes of both American black music and of South African music and compared the two groups of people, separated by lands and waters but held together by unrelenting roots and ties and a struggle for common goals—number one, equality.

As Dr. Sithole explained it, in South Africa there are 4 million Europeans, 2.5 million colored, 1 million Asians, and 18 million Africans. White Europeans have first class citizenship, with the blacks ranking fourth class in citizenship. It is these white Europeans who are allowed to vote, because they are first class citizens and they are white—the lower classes, therefore, are not permitted

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